

# NATIONALIST

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

VOLUME II.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.  
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING  
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N. B.—Special terms to newspaper dealers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar a column (eight lines of this type) per  
barometer in Dublin last week was 30.120 inches.

The mean temperature during the week was 63.4,  
higher than for the previous ten years.

The highest temperature was marked on Saturday,  
when the thermometer registered 71.3 degrees.

Dublin Irishman, July 25th.

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Dublin Irishman, July 25th.

THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR.—It is generally  
rumored that the Right Hon. John Thomas  
Ball, her Majesty's Attorney-General for Ire-  
land, will be raised to the dignity of Lord  
Chancellor of Ireland before the prorogation of  
Parliament. Under the new bill, the Irish  
Lord Chancellor will, in his capacity of  
President of the Court of Appeal, occupy a po-  
sition of greatly enhanced importance, and there  
can be no doubt of Dr. Ball's fitness for his  
important duties.

MR. RICHARD O'SHAUGHNESSY, M.P., who has  
been suffering from illness in London, has got  
leave of absence from the Speaker for the re-  
mainder of the Session. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's  
health is said to be very much impaired by over-  
work. Mr. Butt, M.P., has taken his place as  
Chairman of the Committee of Supply.

THE GREEN, WHITE AND GOLD.

Air.—The Red, White and Blue.

In the soft blooming vale of our country  
Three colors shine brightest of all,  
On moorland, on mountain, and meadow,  
On cottage and old castle wall,—

They shine in the gay summer garden,  
And glint in the depths of the wold,  
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,  
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold !

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold,  
To the fresh winds of Freedom controlled !

May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,  
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold !

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian,  
Our colors flashed bright in the ray,  
And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles  
In Rome-conquered Britain abey.

When Con fought his hundred red battles,  
And the lightning struck Dathi of old,

As he bore through Helvetic's wild shores

Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold !

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold, &c.

Up many a grim breach of glory,  
Upmany a fierce battle tide,  
Waving high o'er the red-gleaming surges  
Our colors swept on their pride ;

From the day when triumphantly they fluttered  
O'er the legions of Brian the Bold,

Till with Sarafeld they streamed down the Shannon,  
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold !

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold, &c.

In these dark days of doom and disaster,  
Is it dead—the love for our land ?

Are our hearts less brave than our fathers ?

Comes the sword with less debt to our hand ?

No ! We've proved it the wide world o'er

In all lands where war's surges have rolled,

And we'll raise it triumphant in Ireland,

Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold !

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold, &c.

John Mitchel's Return.

[From the Cork Daily Herald, July 27th.]

The Idaho, with Mr. John Mitchel on board, arrived at Queenstown on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Mitchel (who is accompanied by his daughter) landed immediately, after twenty-seven years of exile. He was accompanied by his daughter and some American friends, including Dr. Carroll, of Philadelphia. The authorities made no opposition to his landing. He reached the town at five o'clock, and was immediately waited on by numbers of sympathizers, who bade him a cordial welcome.

In the evening a demonstration took place in his honor. He is at present sojourning at the residence of a personal friend, at Sunday's Well. Mr. Mitchel looks aged beyond his years, and appears careworn. He remained inside doors yesterday, and it is understood that it is his intention to rejoin his family in the North of Ireland immediately. The Nationalists of Limerick have invited him to a banquet to be held in his honor in that city the second week in August. He was expected in Dublin yesterday, and a great demonstration had been arranged for his arrival. Amongst the first to visit him was Mr. Ralph Varian, who was one of the last to shake hands with him twenty-seven years ago when going into banishment. Mr. Varian was accompanied by the gifted poetess, "Finola." For some hours after his arrival a stream of visitors was kept up, and the hall of the Victoria was crowded with persons anxious to get a look at the great

John Mitchel.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 22, 1874.

## MORE CRUEL THAN WAR.

[A Southern prisoner of war at Camp Chase, in Ohio, after pining of sickness in the hospital at that station for some time, and confiding to his friend and fellow-captive, Colonel W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee, that he was heavy of heart because his affianced bride in Nashville did not write to him, died just before the arrival of a letter in which the lady early broke the engagement. Colonel Hawkins had been requested by his dying comrade to open any epistle which should come for him thereafter, and, upon reading the letter in question, penned the following versified answer:]

Your letter, lady, came too late,  
For Heaven had claimed its own;  
Ah, sudden change—from prison-bars  
Unto the great white throne!  
And yet I think he would have stayed,  
To live for his disdain,  
Could he have read the careless words  
Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait,  
Through many a weary hour,  
That o'er his simple soldier faith  
Not even death had power;  
And you—did others whisper low  
Their homes in your ear,  
As though among their shallow throng  
His spirit had a peer?

I would that you were by me now,  
To draw the sheet aside  
And see how pure the looks he wore  
The moment when he died.  
The sorrow that you gave to him  
Had left its weary trace;  
As 'twere the shadow of the Cross  
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me  
The winter's cold to spring;"  
Ah trust to fickle maiden's love,  
Thou art a bitter thing!  
For when these valleys, bright in May,  
Once more with blossoms wave,  
The Northern violets shall blow  
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been  
But one more pang to bear,  
For him who kisses unto the last  
Your tress of golden hair;  
I did not put it where he said,  
For when the angels come,  
I would not have them find the sign  
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've read your letter, and I know  
The wife that you had wrought  
To win that noble heart of his,  
And gained it—crucial thought!  
What lavish wealth men sometimes give  
For what is worthless all,  
What manly bosoms beat for truth  
Is folly's fairest thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now  
His sorrow has an end:  
Yet would that you could stand with me  
Beside my fallen friend:  
And I forgive you for his sake,  
And he—if it be given—  
May e'en be pleading for you now  
Before the court of Heaven.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,  
As I my vigil keep,  
Within the prison dead-house, where  
Few mourners come to weep.  
A rude plank coffin holds his form;  
Yet death exists his face,  
And I would rather see him thus  
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine with lights,  
And ring with merry song,  
And you be smiling, as your soul  
Had done no deadly wrong;  
Your hand so fair that none would think  
It penned those words of pain;  
Your skin so white—would God, your heart  
Were half as free from stain.

I'd rather be my comrade dead  
Than you in life supreme;  
For yours the sinner's waking dread,  
And his the martyr's dream.  
Who serve we in this life, we serve  
In that which is to come;  
He chose his way; you, yours; let God  
Pronounce the fitting doom.

Settling of the Ground at Virginia City,  
Nevada.

The Virginia *Enterprise* of the 11th says: When the Virginia City Gas Company are taking up their main gaspoe on South C street it is found that the ground has settled nearly three feet. The pipe was originally laid about two feet below the surface. Now, in taking it up, the men standing in the trench are hidden to their shoulders. As the street settled it was filled in from time to time with waste rock, and thus the pipe was at last buried to the depth of nearly five feet. In passing over this piece of ground the Water Company found it necessary to occasionally insert extension joints, to prevent their pipe from pulling apart by its swaying down. The ground is undermined for a long distance in all directions, and the houses thereabout lean to all points of the compass.

## Glut in the Fruit Market.

The Marysville *Appeal* says: "The fruit is a perfect glut, and our shippers state that orders from a distance are unusually limited. The effect is, the big and little orchards are forced to dry move extensively than heretofore. The quantity of dried fruits this season is therefore likely to exceed that of any previous year to a great extent. If the market for dried fruits was not unlimited it is likely that it would be overstocked. But there appears to be no possibility of such an event so far as regards peaches, plums, apricots, apples and pears. There will always be a 'quick' sale for these fruits, if the market prove what it may. Dried fruits pay the orchardist good wages. It gives employment to many hundreds of boys and girls who have no other work to do. Our orchardists, by economy in the matter of labor, may continue to make fruit-raising a very profitable business. They must provide themselves with a patent drying apparatus by a combination of communities, or supply themselves with permanent tables for drying in the sun."

A KANSAS paper has this startling headline: "Terrible Outrage—An Orphan Boy kills his Mother!"

A RAILROAD contractor recently tried to take a ride on a "train of thought," and falling off, was run over by a "passing event."

## Irish Literature.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]  
It cannot be said that the present condition of literature in Ireland is at all satisfactory. We wish it were otherwise, but we never consciously let the wish be father to the statement.

The condition of literature in Ireland seriously discontents us. It is far from what it should be in any country with such a population, it is quite unworthy of this nation. There was a time when the Irish name was the first in the world—we use the word in a literal plainness of meaning. That time lasted for three centuries, according to the testimony of scholars who, writing in Germany, cannot be accused of magnifying matters because of prepossessions of race. It may be that such a glory never comes a second time to any nation: it may be that the vast changes which have occurred since then, in the distribution of peoples, stand against the hope of its return. Nevertheless, there is no reason why we do not occupy a better position than we do.

Let us reject the facile commonplace of censure on the Government. It seems true enough that if there were fewer absentees, there would be more educated purchasers. But there were absentees enough even when the Irish Parliament sat in College-green, and there was a literature in Ireland then. Although the country has not advanced as it should have done, or as it would have done under a more genial rule, yet it cannot be imagined that it has not advanced and grown richer in the natural order of things, by the labor spent on land by its inhabitants. They are quite well able to encourage literature if they were but willing and anxious.

Not able are they poorer now than they were at and before 1848? No, we do not think there is any man who will venture to pretend that. Yet in those days Ireland had a "Dublin Review" and "University Magazine," which stood in the very first rank of literature. What are they now? Deported to London, anglicized, and fallen.

Nor were these the sole representatives of Irish intellect. There were minor publications of merit, not only in Dublin, but in Cork and Belfast. Since then the country seems to have been given over to newspapers only. Those who read the organs named seem to have lost taste for the strong and wholesome food that makes blood and brain; they have turned away from the meat that is not to be given to babies, and contented themselves with sops.

Whilst the intellectual organs are gone, newspapers have cheapened, become more confused, perhaps, but have not certainly improved. More hurriedly written, depending more on telegrams than formerly, many of them appear to have deteriorated in point of ability. This would not be of gravest importance if the country had heavier metal at the press besides, in shape of Reviews and Magazines, but these it has not had.

Nevertheless, the people are able, and well able to purchase them. There is a sufficiency of well-to-do people throughout the country, if they had but the acquiring spirit—the absence of which leaves literature in its present lowly position. The landlord class is wealthy—the clergy—the lay professions—the wealthy merchants and rich farmers—these form an audience having all things required, but the willing heart, and eager head, and open hand. If literature does not flourish here it is not because of this, that, or other—but because too many of them are formed in the mould of Sir William Carroll, knight, professional gentleman, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, who swore on the recent trial that he had never purchased an illustrated comic paper, Irish or English, in his life.

Their libraries are larders—their books bottles. People of this kind will scruple to buy a shilling pamphlet, but they will freely spend pounds in furnishing their cellar. Their stomachs are better cared for than their brains.

What is to be done with such people? Are they irredeemable? Must we give up any expectation of improvement for a generation, and hope better things of their children? But where are their children to acquire taste, and learn what they lack—what they ought to seek? If the High schools and Universities of the country really did their full duty, we might hope. But they have been at work for some time, and the change for the better yet remains to be seen.

In this dusky twilight, there are, however, some stars, which may or may not be harbinger of a brighter dawn. "Ireland's Eye" is a periodical which does credit to the country. It is written with fair ability, its cartoon is often exquisite, its whole appearance is good. We should augur well of the future from such an one, but we do not remember that "Zozimus" and "Starney" flourished and faded such a very short time ago. Dublin alone should have supported them—it let them die miserably, but tomorrow, perhaps, some lusty orator will compliment it on its love of literature. Whilst the offices of "Zozimus" and "Starney," of the "University Magazine" and the "Dublin Review" have closed for want of support—there is a

desire higher wages.—The Lake County Bee says: The Indians of this county are often employed by farmers as help. Just now, we understand, those who have been working on farms in Big Valley have struck for a higher rate of wages than they have been getting, demanding two dollars a day.

JOHN ZEH, aged thirty-three, a native of Germany, committed suicide at Stockton last week, by shooting himself through the head with a shotgun. Deceased had been suffering mentally for some time, and frequently threatened to shoot himself.

Two hundred thousand dollars have been sub-

scribed to the capital stock of the Visalia Bank,

to be located in Visalia.

—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A CERTIFIED

copy of the PERSONAL PROPERTY Assessment Roll of

the City and County of San Francisco for the Fiscal Year

1874-1875, has this day been placed in my hands for col-

lection, and Taxes thereon are now due.

Taxes remaining unpaid after MONDAY, the 3d day of

August next, will be delinquent, and FIVE PER CENT.

ADDED thereto.

A. AUSTIN,  
Tax Collector City and County of San Francisco.

1725ff

—

NOTICE  
To Owners and Drivers of Vehicles.

THE ANNUAL LICENSE FOR THE YEAR ENDING

July 1, 1875, will become delinquent on the FIRST DAY

OF AUGUST, 1874, and if not paid on or before then

will subject the owners and drivers of vehicles to fine

and imprisonment, with an addition of 25 per cent. per

month.

Peddlers and Bill Posters will avoid the heavy penali-

ties for their prompt payment of their Licenses at office,

No. 7 City Hall.

E. P. BUCKLEY,  
Collector of Licenses.

1725

—

Dog Licenses for 1875 Now Due.

NOTICE TO OWNERS.

ALL DOGS NOT PROVIDED WITH A NEW TAG

Will be arrested by the Poundkeeper's Deputies on and

after AUGUST 1, 1874. Tags now ready at office, No. 7

City Hall.

E. P. BUCKLEY,  
Collector of Licenses.

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A Specialty at importers' rates.

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## White Gloves vs. Gory Hands.

[From the Dublin Irishman.]

From South to North of Ireland, the Judges, in their addresses to the Grand Juries, congratulate them on the peaceful, moral, and generally crimeless condition of the country.

There are still five million and a-half of people in the land, and yet the judges have little to do except to congratulate the Grand Juries that the country is in its normal state, or in other words, that crime is at as low an ebb as we can expect it to be amongst the best community of fallible men. It would be vain to hope for perfection, though we should strive towards it. Still we may rejoice that our country approaches nearer to the highest standard of morality, in so far as deadly crime is concerned, than any other with which we are acquainted.

From the addresses of the judges which have been published we take the following extracts.

In the South, before the Grand Jury of Waterford, Mr. Baron Dowse (who is a Northern Protestant) bore this emphatic and manly testimony to the state of the whole country:—

"Gentlemen, I am happy to congratulate you that there is no bill to go before you, a circumstance which should not be mentioned without an expression of approval. In another quarter, however, to the recklessness of the crime of this country, I think I may say that in one English county there is more crime than in the whole of Ireland!"

In the South, again, Baron Leasy, addressing the Grand Jury of Kerry, at Tralee, remarked:—

"I am very glad to find, on my return to your county, after an interval of twelve months, that it is in its normal state of tranquillity. Your business will be very light. The bills sent up to you are very few, and of a serious nature. The County Inspector's report con-

firms the favorable state of your county; and I may say, as far as the official documents are concerned, that I can congratulate you on the condition of your county."

In the North, Judge Keogh thus addressed the Grand Jury, at Carrickfergus:—

It is now, I believe, six years since a single prisoner was returned for trial charged with any crime in the district which you represent. I understand, on our primitive trial, at the present assizes, but the charge against him, although it is one involving the death of a fellow-creature, really involves no moral turpitude. The circumstances, as I have been informed, are these—that the master of a cabin boat left his horse, &c. It ran away, and, in doing so, ran over a person who was killed. This is the only offence charged against any of the community of Carrickfergus."

In the North, again, Judge Fitzgerald summed up the happy experience of his colleague and himself in these remarkable words:—

"My learned colleague and myself, to whom have been entrusted the execution of the Queen's commission for the North-East Circuit, have now arrived at the last assize town upon the circuit, and I am happy to inform you that every criminal trial which we have passed has presented the same features—namely, a nearly total absence of crime, and a prevalence of peace and good order. With regard to your county, I have now before me the official reports, and I may tell you, that, as far as has, since the last assize, been practicable for the absence of crime in magnitude, or anything at all to excite alarm for the public safety. There has been no agrarian crime, or crime of any kind, that would strike at the foundation of society. I may say that here, as everywhere, property are secure, the roads are safe, and every thing indicates the prevalence of prosperity and peace."

These are testimonies which are not novel—and are therefore all the more valuable. They do not surprise us, by any originality—we have heard similar testimonies borne year after year, and hence the want of originality redounds to the greater credit of our country.

God forbid that we should gloss over crime, or fail to smite down crime in the country. To more than us can it be distasteful. We wish to see our nation prosper, to see it elevated, to make it honored amongst the nations of the earth. Crime would be a stain upon its name, an obstacle to our efforts, a power that pulls back and down, and therefore the greatest enemy of those who wish to rise and to press forward. We would clear the country of crime, repress faction, put an end to riotousness, turbulence, or rowdiness, with the strong hand of order, when necessary. These we look upon with no lenient eye—these we regard as domestic enemies, which must be rooted out of the sacred soil of Ireland. With them sympathy would be sinful. We abominate them more in Ireland than elsewhere, for here they are more hurtful than in other nations, because they injure the cause of true liberty and true order. Hence, we abhor them for other reasons besides their intrinsic ugliness.

Therefore, also, we rejoice with a more fervent joy than others, when we find such unimpeachable testimony borne so generally and so continuously to the admirable conduct of the People of Ireland.

We say that hereby the Irish nation has furnished almost potent argument for the advancement of Liberty.

Had they been all that their maligners say, there would have been a superficial excuse for the imposition on them of Coercion Laws, whose rigor was greater than ever was known in the land since the Martial Law that ruled in '98.

Now, there is not the vestige of an excuse for such enactments. If now the Coercion Laws are re-imposed upon the country, the world can judge between it and its Government.

The Government which would impose an exceptional Coercion Code upon a country, which is exceptionally characterised by concord, peace, and order, deals a blow at the cause not of that country, but of that Government. It is the most unwise act that it could do from a true statesman's stand-point.

Whatever be the course it resolve upon let our Representatives make sure that the irrefutable testimony of the Irish judges shall be set out fully in Parliament, and contrasted pointedly with the charges of the English judges. That means, the truth of Baon Dowse's statement will be given on the public mind, and the world taught that "In an English county there is more crime than in the whole of Ireland."

**THE FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A DOG**—In reference to the disputed story of the man and dog fight in the Potters which the *Daily Telegraph* commissioner described, and the truth of which the Hanley police authorities have contradicted, I believe that the *Telegraph* is prepared with a sufficient confirmation. The writer of the article, who is a well-known journalist, saw the fight and declares he understood its atrocities of detail. But the Hanley police may be technically correct in the denial, for although the spot where the fight occurred is within a few minutes walk of the principal hotel of Hanley, yet the township boundaries in that district are so far from definite that possibly the spot in the neighboring township of Etruria. This, however, does not affect the substantial correctness of the narrative.—*London Letter.*

"It costs less to take a weekly paper," argues the Cape Ann *Advertiser*, "than a diligent hen can earn in a year at the market price for eggs." But then, what does a hen want a newspaper for, anyway?

A son of Judge Page, eight year old, was drowned at Astoria on Tuesday.

## The Belfast Trade Troubles.

[From the Belfast Weekly Examiner.]

All the Belfast millworkers, except those engaged in a few mills, are now out on strike. A fortnight has elapsed since the great body left work. A more serious crisis has seldom happened in the history of Belfast, and unless something be shortly done to heal the breach between employers and employed, the town and linen trade may be, if not completely ruined, terribly injured. It seems to us a curious feature of the dispute that the only offer of conciliation between the disputants has been from the workers. The masters show no disposition to come to terms. They have, it would seem, taken their stand deliberately, and are resolved, come what may, not to yield an inch. There may after all be more of dogged recklessness in this course than firm determination. The haughty temper that will brook no resistance may not be the wisest policy to pursue. It would be much better if an understanding could be come to, and impartial men would admire a gleam of generosity amidst the thick darkness that at present envelopes the action of masters. Ten per cent. is a very large reduction to be made at a bound on the workers' pay, and as trade, so far from suffering a depression, is gradually assuming a more healthy tone, it is hard to think that the will of the masters should be omnipotent, and that profits already very considerable should be largely increased by lowering the scale of wages. We believe there is at present a brisk demand for yarns. The prices have improved; and flax, not very long ago, was only to be purchased for a very considerable sum, has fallen full 20 per cent. These are the reasons upon which the workers resist the reduction, and the masters do not even descend to explain their position. If they are much worse now than they were two years ago, when the wages of all the employees were increased, it is very easy for them to explain the altered circumstances. Loose statements are worthless, and consequently the assertion that trade will not afford the former remuneration, unsupported by clear and positive proof, cannot be accepted as a satisfactory vindication of the spinners' conduct in peremptorily closing their factories. The workers are not unreasonable. They will, we are certain, leave the matter to any impartial tribunal, but they should not be exasperated by a too harsh treatment. If the dispute is to be determined by the mere strength of the contending parties it is easy to see where victory must inevitably incline. The employers are few in number, and are not depending on a single employer for a large sum. They can afford to live much better than the poor workers who have put past but little from their scanty earnings for the rainy day. Especially can the limited liability companies bear up against the strike of the workers. Individual interest in these concerns, if we exclude the payed directors, is but scanty; and loss spread over a large number is scarcely felt. Moreover, the highly-salaried officials who annually draw a large sum for management before any dividend can be struck will not lose by the enforced idleness of their concerns. In some of these factories the loss by the enormous salaries given to managers and directors is something surprising. When seven or eight thousand pounds have to be paid by a company for work that, if the mill were the property of an individual, might be better done for as many hundreds, it is easy to see that the gross profits must be enormous to sustain the strain. In fact, what might be spared by even nominal management would be a handsome annual earning. If a reduction of wages, therefore necessary, it would be wise that the reduction should first come off those who can most afford it. The very men who for salary draw such enormous sums are the men that imperatively demand absolute submission on the part of the workers. If a reduction of ten per cent. is put upon the operatives, in all fair play at least an equal reduction should be made in the salaries of directors and managers. There might be a better prospect of a speedy settlement if this decision were arrived at. Gentlemen with a thousand and fifteen hundred a-year can better afford to throw off ten per cent, than can the poor girls who endeavor to feed and clothe themselves on eight or nine shillings a-week. Large salaries eat up the profits of limited liability companies, and their entailing would pave the way to higher dividends and to a sounder state of trade. These enormous salaries are often paid to gentlemen who know but little of the practical work. Oftentimes they interfere only to annoy and harass. Many establishments would be much better without them. We would suggest that the ornamental men should be done away with altogether, and that those who do work, even imperfectly, should suffer a large decrease. Of course, if these overpaid and inefficient men have their way the mills must for some time longer stop idle, and ultimately the workers will be compelled to resume at any terms. But even such a result will not be a triumph for the spinners. Their hands will be discredited. As soon as they possibly can they will leave their present employers for others more generous. And especially the more skilled workers will do so. Ultimately but inferior hand will be got, and, as the article turned out must necessarily be inferior, the name of Belfast will descend in the market. It would be well if the present dispute could be amicably arranged. The interest both of the masters and workers would thus be served. The feeling of the workers is for a peaceful settlement. Some influence should be brought to bear upon the limited liability companies to induce them at once and, for ever to cast overboard the advice of those who are drawing large salaries for doing very little work. If this could be done, in very short time all would be well. We are sorry that respectable firms like Mitchell's and Ross's, not worked on the limited system, should so far forget their own interest as to ally themselves with the large salary and comparatively indolent men. But a little calm consideration would have shown them that the policy is not a good one. So far the workers have morally the best of the fight; they may be conquered, but the victory won over them will not be much to boast of.

**QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUCCESS.**—Some sarcastic writer has remarked that—"With four metallic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are—gold in his pockets, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart." With these a man would be tolerably well prepared to make his way through life, we must acknowledge; but this world is so wicked that we would recommend, in addition to the above, an india rubber conscience.

A REWARD of £20 has been offered for information regarding the alleged man and dog fight at Hanley.

## Business Directory.

We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the NATIONALIST, each customer may rest assured of courteous treatment and good value:

## AUGMENTERS.

California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.

Belmont Park, William Janke.

Boots and Shoes.

M. F. Walsh, 305½ Market street, corner Fifth.

Theatre, 111½ Mission street, near Third.

Stephen Thomas, 149 Fourth street.

William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).

John Liddy, 123 Fourth, corner Minna street.

BANKING.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N E corner

Montgomery and Market streets.

BARS AND STEAM FITTERS.

Ward &amp; Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First

street.

Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery

street.

CUTLERY.

M. Pringle, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Steven-

son street.

CIGAR AND TOBACCO.

B. C. Duffy, 930 Market street, corner Powell.

Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.

Gordon &amp; Burke, 843 Market street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

California Co., Tenth and Howard streets.

J. P. Sweeny, 101 Clay street, corner Drumm.

McKenna &amp; Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay

and Washington.

CONFECTIONERS.

Pellet &amp; Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington

and Jackson.

CARTERS &amp; CO.

Mountjoy &amp; Rye, 718 Market st, west of Kearny.

DR. G. T. TALBOT &amp; CO.

John C Talbot &amp; Co, 28 Kearny street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. S. H. Roberts, 12½ Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &amp;c.

John Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Isaac Seelig, 213 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

P. Kelly, N E cor Fourth and Minna streets.

P. McGuire, 161 Clay street, bet Howard also. N E

corner Twelfth and Folsom streets.

Toner &amp; Co., No 20 Occidental market, (Sutter street side).

John Headon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet

Marina and Howard.

P. T. Flynn &amp; Son, Howard and Eighth streets.

Mariposa Store, Chris. Kerius, 1419 Folsom street.

HATTERS.

McGinn, 245 Third street.

HORSE SHOES.

Doholoh &amp; Co, 8 Everett street, near 3d.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

Washington Hotel, 619 Mission street, bet First and Second.

Montgomery's Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.

Manhattan House, 704 and 707 Folsom street, bet Pacific and Broadway.

Sausalito End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, n or Tenth.

Golden Eagle Hotel, 402, 404 and 406 Broadway street.

Central Hotel, 814 and 816 Sansome street.

New Franklin House, 321 Pacific street.

LAW.

P. Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641

Montgomery street.

M. Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

M. Cooney, Room 7 Court Block, and 636 Clay street.

LIVERY STABLES.

R. Dowling, 610 Howard street, bet Second and New

Montgomery.

Samuel L. Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San

Fasel, Marin county, Cal.

MEN'SWEAR.

Paul M. Brennan, 127 Montgomery street.

Dr. Aborn, 213 Geary street.

Dr. J. D. Callaghan, 852 Folsom street.

Dr. Doherty, 519 Sacramento st, cor Leidesdorff.

MONTGOMERY TAILORS.

John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand

Hotel) 5 Short, 527 Commercial st, cor Leidesdorff.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Dillon &amp; Kensey, 30 Third street, bet Mission and Market.

MINERALS, PICTURES, &amp;c.

D. D. Clark, 243 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folsom.

M. C. Mulligan, 211 and 213 Sacramento street.

Bartons Yeast Powder, manufactory 211 and 213 Sacra-

mento street.

Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near

## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 22, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name with us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by the people; it desires to see Art scenery, music, express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history fill our every heart. It would thus create a people full of life, intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive the world, the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland it enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?" JOHN MITCHEL. Oct. 25th, 1853.

## COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....Nortown, Contra Costa Co  
PETER KERNS.....Salina City, Monterey Co  
ARTHUR ATTITUDE.....Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co  
THOS. QUINN.....Pino, Placer Co  
MICHAEL LEONARD.....Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co  
THOS. OAKES.....San Jose, Santa Clara Co  
JOHN P. SARSFIELD.....Sacramento, Sacramento Co  
JAS. CADEN.....Julian City, San Diego Co  
BERNARD McCREESH.....Crescent City, Del Norte Co  
DANIEL HARLEY.....Vallejo, Solano Co  
EARTHOLOMEE COLGAN.....Virginia City, Nev  
WILLIAM REDMOND.....Gold Hill, Nev  
THOMAS WOGAN.....Silver City, Nev  
JOHN L. REIDY.....Merced City, Merced Co  
DANIEL F. HAYES.....Denver, Colorado  
F. M. CARROLL.....San Diego

We would call the attention of our delinquent subscribers, for the last time, to the fact that they are in our debt, and that we cannot afford to let them continue so. We use our best endeavors to give every one who takes the NATIONALIST value for their money, and at the same time to advocate the cause which we hold to be paramount—the independence of Ireland. It is on these grounds that we call, in the name of ordinary honesty, for a settlement of these long-outstanding debts.

## Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

Some of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding AT ONCE to this office the trifling amounts of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the cause so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

## Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States is 20c. per annum, or 5c. per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

The attention of our readers is called to a communication in another column from "The Nun of Kenmare." This devoted Irish religious will, we hope, meet with that cooperation which she so eminently deserves in her last laudable undertaking viz. "The building of a home for destitute Irish girls."

We print a letter from a correspondent in Denver, Colorado, who draws a sad picture of Irish Nationality there. The conduct of the priest, to whom he refers, is most reprehensible, but it would be wrong to suppose that all the Catholic clergy, or even any considerable portion of them, are opposed either to Irish independence, or to the preparation necessary to obtain that end. The patriot priest has still such representatives at home as Archbishop M' Hale, and Father Lavelle, and a host of others. We have been visited here by such men as Father Foley and Father Sheehy, whose patriotism is as undoubted as their religion. We hope the Denver bishop, to whom our correspondent refers, will see that his course militates against the best interests both of his Church and country.

By our Irish exchanges, just to hand, we have a detailed account of Mr. Mitchel's debarkation at Queenstown and his reception at Cork. The latter seems to have been enthusiastic to a degree. He was accompanied by his daughter, and Dr. Carroll of Philadelphia. The patriot's friends in Ireland seem to have been much pained at his care-worn appearance, but the suffering of twenty-seven years of exile might well account for this. No further details of Mr. Mitchel's future movements are to hand.

We welcome back (as we are sure all our readers will) our Dublin correspondent with a *cead millé failte*. His racy letters, over the signature "Celt," were widely read and everywhere appreciated. Our friend "Celt" occasionally allowed his zeal to run away with his judgment; and was naturally, perhaps, annoyed that we suppressed some of his correspondence. However, we could not help it, as reflection must have told him.

We regret to have to record the death of John A. McGlynn, an old forty-nine and prominent Irishman of this city. He died at six o'clock on Monday evening, at his residence in Minna street. Mr. McGlynn has held several positions of trust under the Municipal Government of this city. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

## THE RIGHT ROAD.

There is one good point, at least, attained in the struggle for Irish Home Rule. All parties and ranks of men, with a few exceptions too insignificant for notice, are agreed in desiring a certain amount of independence for their country, differing only in degree and manner of attainment. This is one step at any rate, and the rest may follow. But the men seeking Home Rule differ from those of more advanced national ideas in that they are seeking a far less complete revolution, although one, having regard to the means they employ, even more difficult of attainment. We must admit that the Home Rulers have been successful up to a certain point.

They have secured a strong phalanx of Irish members in the House of Commons pledged to support their movement, and they have even, by employing the growing strength of the Irish population in English boroughs, obtained a few British votes. So far, then, fortune smiled upon them; but have they made any real progress?

On each division the little contingent of sixty Home Rule members (more or less) followed their leader into the lobby, and found themselves confronted by the remainder of the House, and crushed by a majority of hundreds. This has been repeated so often that we have ceased to look for any other result. Eloquence, rhetoric, justice, common sense, have been brought to bear on the dogged, unreasoning obstinacy of the British members, and always with the same result. It was useless to point out to them that the measure proposed was a purely Irish one, and that the Home Rule benches represented the constitutionally expressed wishes of the vast majority of the Irish people; argument and entreaty were alike met with the crushing influence of numerical superiority. And yet the concession sought was very small; to those who believed their country wrongfully enslaved, it seemed ridiculously inadequate. *N'importe*. To the British members it was all the same. They took their seats determined to grant nothing to Ireland, and, whatever their political creed, in this they were strictly conservative. The case, then, comes to the simple issue—the Home Rulers have sought a very moderate concession, by constitutional means, and backed by all the influence which the vast majority of the Irish constituencies could give, and, after a fair trial, they have failed. It remains to be seen what other means are at our command to accomplish a similar, and even more sweeping reform.

There is but little option left in the face of plainly expressed determination of the English Government. To work a nation's independence there is never much choice of means. Argument has been tried, and to that they will not bow. We must now try if force be not more convincing. There is scarcely an Irishman, we believe, who will deny that we have a right to employ ANY means for our country's liberation. It is a mere question of expediency—of the how and the when the attempt is to be made; of the prize of victory or the cost of defeat. Many will point to previous disastrous failures, and will preach caution. But we have now the light of those previous failures to guide us. We have gained, if nothing else, in our seven hundred years' struggle, a very bitter and salutary experience. If we do not utilize this all our struggle will have been in vain. We have learnt, among other lessons, the necessity of organization. We have learnt, also, the value of union, and we have learnt that the English are not invincible. Cannot we utilize these lessons? Contrast their conduct in '98 with their conduct in '74. Now, all success and self-sufficiency, for they are not afraid of the Irish in parliament—then, all hurry and trepidation, for they are thoroughly, and with good reason, afraid of the Irish in the field of battle. Which conduct, then, will be the more likely to bring from their reluctance an acknowledgement of Irish independence? Had America been contented with specifying and arguing the United States would still be a British Colony. The whole experience of the world shows that the only road to independence is the road which is opened by the sword—for Ireland, as well as for every other enslaved land the Right Road.

## THE INFLUENCE OF IRELAND'S SUBJUGATION ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Dr. Brownson, editor of *Brownson's Review*, a gentleman who has employed unquestionable talents in a somewhat questionable manner, has remarked that the presence of the Irish race in America is a serious bar to the progress of Catholicity in this continent. This statement he founds on the not very flattering assumption that the status and conduct of the Irish residents here is such as to bring discredit on their religion. Without pausing to discuss a position which is below argument, we cannot help seeing that the Catholic religion is susceptible of a far greater impetus and advancement than the Irish population of this country have ever been able to give it; not because, as Dr. Brownson hints, they tend to bring it into disrepute, but because they, inasmuch as they are not a recognized and independent nation, are necessarily deprived of much of their influence. The immense drain of emigration, too, from Ireland has a direct tendency to weaken the Catholic Church. From a truly national and patriotic contemporary—the *Irish World*—we clip the following remarks and statistics, from which it will be seen that our contemporary arrives at precisely the same conclusion as we have done, i.e. that the continued subjugation of Ireland is inimical to the best interests of the Church:

In 1836 Bishop England estimated the Catholic population of this country at one million two hundred thousand. The total population

of the United States then was fifteen millions. The number of persons lost to the Church in the fifty years preceding 1836 was, says Bishop England, three millions and three quarters.

"If I say," adds Dr. England, "upon the foregoing data, that we ought, if there were no loss, to have five millions of Catholics, and that we have less than one million and a quarter, there must be a loss of three millions and three quarters at least; and the persons so lost are found amongst the various sects to the amount of thrice the number of the Catholic population of the whole country.—[Works of Bishop England, vol. 3, pages 126-7.]"

Bishop England did not attempt to estimate the loss of the hundred and fifty years preceding 1836.

The Catholic population of the United States to-day is some ten millions. But the number of persons who ought to be Catholics, by right of descent from settlers in this country from the beginning, and who to-day are to be found among the sects or in the ranks of Nothingarians, is estimated at eighteen millions. See statistics and proofs in *Irish World* of July 25th, 1874.

## DEFECTS IN ENGLAND.

There are not less than 200,000 Irish people—at least by blood and name—in London who have no knowledge of their religion, who never go into a Catholic church.—Archbishop Manning. Superficial observers will set down their losses to secondary causes—such as the lack of churches, etc. But the prime cause to which this enormous defection is traceable is IRELAND'S SUBJECTION TO ENGLAND. Had Ireland been independent two centuries ago, had the early Irish settlers in America settled on this continent under the protecting shadow of the Green Flag,—instead of the blighting emblem of England,—these colonies, swelled by the Irish exodus of after years, would to-day be great Irish American States; this country would be a great Catholic power; Ireland would be entirely Catholic; and England, perhaps, might be half converted. As it is, Ireland is much more Protestant than England is Catholic; while more than half the product of the immense Catholic immigration to America and to England itself, has been Protestantized.

No enslaved people ever did anything great. No enslaved people ever did anything great. As a Freeman that St. Patrick—*the ex-slave—conquered Ireland*. It was as a free nation that Ireland herself, in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, conquered the pagan provinces of Europe. Then Ireland sent forth soldiers to triumph. Now armies leave her shores only to be annihilated.

These losses will continue to go on until England's power is broken.

It is strange that in the face of such convincing evidence as this clergymen should be found to oppose the independence of Ireland, and to preach the damnable doctrine of unresisting obedience to British tyranny. Yet, unfortunately, there are some who do so. Used by Dr. Vaughan, (since Bishop of Salford, England,) an English Catholic clergyman, who was invited to deliver the St. Patrick's Day address some years ago in this city. We can only recall the sense, but that will be sufficient. Dr. Vaughan, standing up to address a body of Irishmen, assembled to commemorate Ireland's only remaining anniversary, took occasion to inculcate the doctrine of submission to English rule, and in some sort to recommend the evangelizing policy since further elaborated by Dr. Brownson. The insult was gross, but might have been passed over. Not so the spirit that dictated it. Dr. Vaughan was more an Englishman than a Catholic, and he spoke accordingly. To urge Ireland's continued enslavement as a means of spreading the Catholic faith is to argue from a downright falsehood, as experience, statistics, and common sense alike teach.

## Correspondence.

DENVER, Colo., August 3d, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIR—It is with much pleasure that I read the columns of your able and patriotic journal every week; but this week I have been more delighted with the many able articles—one in particular, "The Position of the Irish Race." It is well worth the attention of every man that has got a drop of Irish blood coursing through his veins. No matter, as you say, what his wealth or position, he cannot feel otherwise than hurt at the "stuffed Irishman" who is so often obtruded on the stage, and in the low current literature of the day. Further on, in the same article, you urge on all Irishmen the necessity of organizing as the first great step to be taken towards breaking the galling chains that bind our native land; nor ought we lose time in organizing, for, as that hellish organ, the *London Times*, puts it, there is a great crisis hanging over Europe, and when that crisis comes England is sure to be involved. Then will be the time to strike the fatal blow. But where is our strength? If we are not organized, surely we have none. There is, Mr. Editor, one great barrier to our people organizing, and that is the mistaken idea of some of our Catholic priests and bishops. Here in Denver, for instance, we have an Irish organization. Its members are few. Why? Is it because the Irish element of Denver is small? No; but we've got one of those Catholic bishops of the Moriarty-Cullen school that works so zealously against the cause of Ireland—one of those pastors that denies to Irishmen the right of organizing, or of trying to free their native land. The worthy prelate I allude to tells his congregation that any person joining this society forfeits all claims to heaven. He has excommunicated all who did join; even the ladies who attended their balls were swerved from his church; his poor excuse being, "it's a secret society." The objects of the society are not secret to the church. Past experience has taught the Irish people a great lesson in organizing. Heretofore, everybody was allowed to attend the meetings of our societies. The result is well known. The societies now organizing are profiting from the experience of the past, and are trying to keep their business from the knowledge of Tom, Dick and Harry; but some of those worthy prelates come out and say, you must tell the world your business; you must tell it to the English organs, until it is

echoed through the British Parliament. I am a Catholic born, have lived and will die one. Therefore it causes me pain to speak of the ministers of my church thus. But I hold that they stepped beyond the bounds of their spiritual duties, and I have the most eminent Catholic divines to back me up. But it is a sad fact that, after all Irishmen have suffered, after all the persecution our fathers have undergone, after sacrificing their more than all for the Catholic Church, it is sad to think that when the patriots of Ireland

would try to organize their fellow-countrymen, they should find amongst their bitterest enemies the ministers of that same church, and I am sorry to have to say, that in most instances it comes from a selfish motive. But I hope my fellow-countrymen will treat the fanatically tyrannical with the contempt it deserves. I refer all weak-minded Irishmen to Father Sheehy. That noble priest and patriot says, without organizing on a good basis we can effect nothing. Then fellow-countrymen, let our aim and object be one grand union; let our aim and object be same—also the means we employ to attain that object. Let us show our Saxon foes that the spirit of Brien, Sarsfield, and Emmet, is not dead in the breasts of the Irish race to-day. It is only slumbering, to be awakened some day to hurl tyranny from our native land, to revenge the wrongs of the bitter past, and to see beloved Erin take that proud but vacant seat amongst the nations that so long awaits her. And you, great teachers of our people, you patriotic journals, (*Irish Nationalist* and *Irish World*), keep on urging the great work we have undertaken. The spirit of patriotism never shone stronger in the breasts of Irishmen than it does to-day, and with the aid of such able journals as I allude to there is every hope for poor Ireland. Yes, Mr. Editor, there is a bright era dawning over our downtrodden land—yes, the dawn of her long, dark, bitter night is fast approaching, and when our flag of green floats triumphantly from the old towers of Ireland and victory crowns our cause, you will hear those persons who now oppose us lavishing their praises on the men who will gain the independence of Ireland, nor will they stop to ask if they belong to a secret society.

O, where's the slave so lowly,  
Condemned to chains unyielding,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pluck beneath them slowly?  
Faithfully yours, T. F. WALSH.

## OUR DUBLIN LETTER.

DUBLIN, July 25th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIR—So you have suppressed two of my letters because they were too strong. I did not pitch into your pet in my second suppressed communication, so I can't see why you smothered it. I suppose you know what suits your readers best, but really my remarks upon the conduct of the Mayo priests was mild enough. I indulged myself in a buff when I saw that I was summarily shut up, and I have only just recovered to-day. Meantime the Home Rule debate has come and gone. The motion has been defeated by a heavy majority, and things are still as they were. We are no better and no worse. There is no very particular news here just now, as I will try to patch up a hodge-podge of small occurrences.

First, we have got over the 12th of July satisfactorily. The Orangemen only shot three people, and consequently their newspaper organs are calling on the whole world to observe their tolerance, moderation and respect for the great principles of civil and religious liberty. To praise a body of men for not committing murder is curious laudation.

Our principal subject of conversation here just now is the Liffey. Every Dublin man knows what the smell of the Liffey is on a hot day at low water. Up to this we have had a rather dry summer, and the Liffey stench is fifty per cent. worse than ever it was before. It is so bad that a few weeks ago Chief Justice Whiteside stated he would sit no more in the Four Courts till something was done to stop the nuisance. Then some one "asked a question" about the Liffey in the House of Commons, and immediately the "smell" rose to the rank of a political question. The Lord Lieutenant ordered the Corporation, in a very peremptory manner, to stop the smell by the time of the Liffey's next high water, or else he would do so through the "Board of Works," and tax the city for it. The Home Rule papers protested against this haughty mandate as a high-handed attempt to crush the few remnants of local government that we have left; the anti-Home Rule papers patted the Viceroy on the back, and "hoped he would teach the Corporation a lesson." The Lord Lieutenant suggested that dams should be constructed at Carlisle Bridge and Essex Bridge, and that sufficient water could always be retained in the river to cover the shores and stop the stench. The Corporation were willing to try this, till the main drainage works would be completed, but here the law stepped in. The bed of the river belongs to the "Port and Docks Board," so the Corporation could not touch it, and it is not the Docks Board's business to do so. The dispute is going on, the weather is getting hotter—85° in the shade—and the "smell" is growing worse. It appears we must wait for the main-drainage scheme, which is to cost some three million and three-quarter dollars, and God knows when it will be finished or what good it will do. The sewerage is to be intercepted before reaching the river, carried under the quays by two large sewers or small canals, and finally discharged into the middle of the bay. I think you ought to have enough of this mal-odorous subject.

I am afraid that drinking habits are increasing somewhat here, and consequently we have had some tragic occurrences. A shoemaker named Anderson, in William Street, stabbed his daughter while he was drunk. She has since died from the effects of the wound. There have been several other cases lately of dangerous assaults with lethal weapons, all committed under the influence of drink.

It has just been announced that John Mitchel left New York in the Idaho, on the 14th inst.

and may arrive here at any moment. The news has caused great excitement, and every man enquires of his neighbor, "What will he do?" "What part will he take in Irish politics?" A great deal depends on the course he takes in the present complicated situation.

I suppose you have heard the rumor that I am. But intends to visit America this Autumn. I know that such a thing was spoken of by himself as long ago as this time twelve months, but as yet the matter has not gone further. If he does go to the States you may be sure he will visit San Francisco. I suppose in that case Colonel Peter Donahue would offer to entertain him (at Miss McManus's expense).

I have no more news worth while, except one or two items which I fear you would suppress, so I won't trouble myself writing them this hot weather.

## OUR PARIS LEITER.

PARIS, July 27th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist

SIR—Everything is still in as great uncertainty as when I wrote last upon the state of affairs here. There has been plenty of change, but little improvement; and, indeed, one might, in my opinion, say exactly the same thing of the whole time that has elapsed since the downfall of M. Thiers. Perhaps the most notable events of the past three weeks are the message of Marshal McMahon to the Assembly, and the letter of the Count de Chambord to the French people. The message was indirectly due to the letter. The Government suspended the publication of the paper (*the Union*) in which the Count's manifesto had appeared. This proceeding was, perhaps, a trifling high-handed. There was scarcely any evident reason in the nature of things why the Count should not be let say his say as well as the young Napoleon or any other Pretender; especially as he was pretty sure to do his cause far more harm than good by anything he was likely to say, being the most perfect master known of that peculiar engineering process which consists in hoisting oneself with one's own petard. At any rate, the Assembly, while showing little sympathy with the Count de Chambord, seemed to blame the conduct of the Ministry. Then the Ministry resigned, and the Marshal, after refusing to accept their resignation, sent his message to the Assembly. The meaning of the message was shortly this: that the Assembly had given the Marshal power for seven years, that the Marshal meant to keep it, and that he strongly urged the Assembly to lose as little time as possible in supplying him with some sort of institutions which might enable him to carry on the government of the country in some sort of a regular and definite way.

# THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

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## Thomas D'Arcy McGee—His Opinions And Works.

By P. J. Malone.

[From the Irish National Magazine.]

PART II.

Shortly after my acquaintance with McGee in 1846, appeared his *Gallery of Irish Writers* as one of the series called "The Library of Ireland." The author was scarcely a man at the time, and yet how profound must have been his information and research—how ripe must have been his judgment to form such a correct estimate of the great annalist James Usher, of Florence Conroy the founder of the Irish College at Louvain; of Ware, Keating, of Talbot, Plunkett, Colgan, Father Luke Wadding, Bishops Lynch, Rothe, French, and the twenty authors of that dark century of whom he has treated? In reading it now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, and with the additional light of more modern works, one is almost tempted to believe that he must have been inspired. Think of it! A youth of twenty, and a self-made man at that, emphasizing an era of his country's history in the following fashion:

"In war, in theology, in the arts, the Seventeenth century was a century of conflict, discension, and advancement. In politics it beheld the rise and fall of the Stuarts—it saw the subjugation of Spain—it saw the Bourbons rise to overlook Europe like another Alp—it saw Holland emerge from the deep, huge and slow and pregnant of the political element. The century opened while philosophy was still in swaddling clothes, pleased with the puzzles of the alchemist and the dreams of the star gazer. It was then a daily sight to see Rosicrucians and Peripatetic quarreling for the fleece of credulity. Gassendi and Des Cartes broke in among the combatants, and the very foundations of human knowledge were changed. Then arose the starry Galileo; and then a Chancellor of England wrote the *Nouum Organum*, in statemanship and war it was the epoch of the masters; of Spinoza and Turenne, of Richelieu, and Olivarez, Cromwell and William of Orange. Their names brighten over hard fought fields, and their history lies at the foundation of the present political conditions of the world."

"This century was also eminently theological. When kings had to decide on peace or war, divines were consulted. The casock and the surplice were still worn by the diplomats for the culture of the aristocracies had but commenced. The machinery of the press now worked freely for the thousand, but had not yet learned to make a library within the means of the humblest man. The scholastic theology founded by Irish ecclesiastics in the Eighth and Ninth centuries now shone before the free thinkers of the Reformation, and the old jars of Scottists and Thomists were extirpated in the vortex of the Revolution raised by the unfrocked monk of Wurtemburg. Rome arrayed her allies on the one side—Germany and Geneva led the opposing hosts."

"In such a century of clamor—as was her 17th—it will not be expected that Ireland should have produced eminent men in the slow and inductive sciences or in the fine arts. In the two great studies of the time—and the chief of all time—theology and history, there will be found an Irish representation of which no man, however fastidious, can complain. The Irish language was still written in this century; the Latin was used very generally. At the present day (1846) there is a very earnest tendency to the reproduction of the literary remains of that fruitful period. The names of its chief ornaments had never been quite forgotten, but had wandered to and fro in the nation's memory with no known characters attached to them, looking in vain for permanent abodes. *Dimidicibus as shades in Tartarus, they flitted about surrounded with never ending twilight.* Let us call them into open day—let us ask their histories, that we may know whether or not they deserve our respect and remembrance, and are fit men to be commended to the acquaintance and confidence of our descendants."

What a graceful and appropriate exordium? How finely arranged, and how smoothly and naturally he glides into his subject?

But of all McGee's published works perhaps, the most useful, and the ones that will be the longest lived, are, his history of Ireland, and his history of attempts to establish the Reformation in Ireland.

Speaking of Cromwell he says:

"The perverse spirit of a literature whose boast is to glorify success and worship mere strength, has striven to exalt him into hero. It entirely depends on the standard, whether or not you find him to be a hero. If candor, bravery, gentleness, justice, generosity and unostentatious devotion be heroic attributes, Oliver was none. If craft, courage, hypocrisy, and slaughter make a hero, he was self made. History, informed by the Spirit of our holy religion, condemns him as one of the most wicked and detestable of the fallen children of Adam."

I could wish that McGee's two little volumes of Irish history would become classic books in all our schools. I have little hope, however, that they will be, or anything like them. Indeed an effort of these schools seems to be to make our children ashamed of "the rock from which they are hewn, and the pit from which they are digged" as soon as possible, and it has long been a debatable question in my mind whether the much derided public schools would not turn our children out just as favorably disposed towards Ireland, and better Americans, than do the clerical ones. This is not as it should be, and ought to be looked after by Irish-American parents. If it cannot be remedied in any other way—if the object of those who have the education of those who shall succeed us is to use the material placed in their hands merely for "American Church" purposes, ignoring the history and traditions of our race and nationality—parents should see to it that the omission is supplied by home education—by the home library. The youths of this country will read. They cannot read anything better in the line of history, than McGee's Ireland in two vols. These volumes contain more solid information respecting Ireland, pagan and Christian, and in a more methodical and concentrated form than any other work on the subject. Their information is modernized and intelligible—free from the fustian, the verbiage, and the chaff, that one has to go through in Keating, and Moore, and such like, in order to get a grain of wheat.

McGee has done for Ireland, in a measure, what Macaulay did for England from the reign of the first Stuart to the close of the reign of William and Mary. He has shown us the condition of Irish society and government in pagan times—what changes the introduction of Christianity had wrought in both—how the people lived, thought, felt and acted; pointed out, for our instruction, the causes that weakened the old Celtic constitution, and introduced strifes and contentions for the succession, and which strifes and contentions led to the introduction of the Norman-Saxon, and the ultimate loss of national independence. The impression left upon the mind of the careful student by a perusal of the work is just this: that the greatest evil which can befall free people is the evil of tampering with their fundamental law, or constitution; that it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost which is never forgiven—that no people who have ever done it, or permitted it to be done, have preserved popular liberty; hardly even national independence. The old Irish constitution and government was a mixture of chieftaincy and theocracy. It was a paternal system suitable to the character and genius of the people. The kings and chieftains were elective, but from certain families. They were accountable to the people and to the Church. But the "military necessity" of driving out the piratical Northmen or Danes, caused Bryan Boru (the tagather) to break in upon the old lines of succession and to usurp the Irish throne. It was not hereditary in his family. After his death other ambitious persons attempted to do what he did. "The golden chain of the constitution" was broken—anarchy and confusion, foreign invasion and "the rule of the stranger" took the rest. Is not this a useful lesson for Irishmen and their descendants; and indeed, for all who like to enhance the love of order and add to the reverence for legitimately constituted authority?

McGee has been accused of "inconsistency," because he modified his views as to various matters, as he advanced in years and experience. Who has not? Do not some men become conservative as they grow old? His love for his native country, I am sure, never underwent any change—any diminution. It is true that "circumstances," with him, as with all men, "determined possibilities." He had wasted the best years of his life trying to educate his countrymen to stand alone, not to lean on anybody else for support. He got the reward which most people do who engage in such a task—"more kicks than cents." He became satisfied of two things in connection with Irishmen and their affairs:

1st.—That all modern warfare was simply a contest of material forces; that the side which had the most men, that had them the best equipped, drilled and supplied; and had the largest purse to keep this condition of things up—would succeed in the end. That in a contest of this sort, his poor and scattered countrymen—without unity or harmony, without an organized government to back them, without a commissariat, without a navy, with public opinion for the most part, and the interest of commerce wholly, against them, were no match for a rich and powerful government like that of England.

2nd.—He came to the conclusion that if anything was ever effected for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland it would be through the influence of American public opinion acting upon that of Great Britain. And in this view he held that the wisest and most effective course for Irishmen in this country to pursue was, to get education, to get property, to get position, political and social—to influence the American Government and public opinion for the benefit of themselves and their native country. He used to say to his private friends—"The Irish are scholars and orators, but they are no organizers. They need the organizing power of the Catholic Church to enable them to effect

anything." He came to these conclusions after slow, and deliberate, and mature reflections for years before he went to Canada. I have heard him express them to a circle of friends in New York in 1853. They serve to explain his course in Canada, and throw light on the altered tone and temper of his later works as compared with his earlier. Men may question his patriotism, but who, in the light of history, can overthrow his judgment?

The only one of McGee's works conceived in the truly Irish National spirit is his "Gallery of Irish Writers." I mean aside from his earlier editorial or newspaper work. The "Gallery" was written, as has already been stated, in 1846, as one of the "Library of Ireland" issued by the "Young Ireland party." Some of its companions were, Mitchell's "Hugh O'Neill," Moynihan's "Confiscation of Ulster," and Father Meehan's "Confederation of Kilkenny." Poor Father Meehan! how the scurvy knaves, who only played at "Nationalism," used to accuse him of being an "infidel." As if some sorts of "infidelity" wasn't better than other sorts of fidelity—and as if some people's "infidelity" wasn't more Christian than other people's Christianity!! The sort of Christianity that assists to make slaves and helots of a gallant, noble and generous race, wasn't Father Meehan's kind. The Christianity that was all the time preaching the gospel of despotism—forever mouthing about "authority," and "obedience," and "humility," and hadn't a word to say for liberty, wasn't the Christianity of that grand old "Irish priest"—young then, but old now. Lately I see he has brought out "The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," and it breathes the old spirit.

The policy of the "Young Ireland party" was an educational one—the only policy that,

in my opinion, will ever effect anything for Ireland. But the French Revolution of 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne, upset the educational policy. Still it laid a foundation for after times to build upon. It sowed some of the seed for an after-time harvest. The spirit of the "Young Ireland party" breathes through every line of this little book—the "Gallery of Irish Writers." It preaches the gospel of Nationality, pure and simple. In the remarks about James Usher, one of the founders of Trinity College, and one of the greatest literary characters which has ever existed—a scholar who has "probed the very sources of history"—the great author, whose chronology the whole of Christendom has adopted—and who was thought so much of that the great Cardinal of France, Mazarin, sent and purchased most of his library after his death—McGee speaks of him, and of the influence of his school on Ireland, after this fashion:

"Here we cannot stop to examine the validity of some of his positions. The celebrated controversy of the subjection of the primitive church of Ireland to the See of Rome is

STILL FAIR GROUND OF ARGUMENT.

We must see more clearly into the first ages before we can

definitely pronounce on the truth or error of

Usher's chief doctrine, or decide what quantities

of both may have mixed in it. It is enough for

the writer here to observe that Usher then

effected a great and glorious work which, if he

had not achieved, might have been forever after

impracticable. For his industry, for his labors,

for his years of preparation let him be rewarded.

And let it not be forgotten that, although anti-

Catholic, he was not anti-Celtic.

He was the first Irishman of modern times who felt

the full weight and who embraced the whole

extent of Irish history. He was neither a Thucydides nor a Thiers yet he gathered the materials for such antiquists to work with; that

they have not yet arisen in Ireland is not the

fault of his precursor. He levelled the mountains for them to come, and made the paths

straight that they might not go astray.

That he impressed himself upon Irish Protes-

tantism and its literature with an enduring force,

it is not difficult to distinguish. Even at the

hour when the writer writes and mayhap,

when the reader reads, the proofs of this im-

pressed character are evident. In the university,

in our antiquarian associations, in the public

libraries of Dublin, in the lives of Mare, Marsh,

the younger Molyneux, Harris, Smith, and so

on, nearer to us, his example's effects are clearly

manifested. In all his learning, all his virtues,

and many of his faults, James Usher still lives

in the perpetuated class to which he belonged

when he then modified as it now is; or, rather, which he created on the social

ruins of the "Pale." Much of good and some-

what of evil, also, has come out of that ORGANI-

ZATION OF NEW MIND; but who, for an instant,

can be found so unlearned of Ireland as to

weigh its broad glories against its spots of error.

Its great names are the names of immortals, its

faults, the faults, of a system formed under an

intolerant star, and misshapen by many adverse

pressures of earthly circumstances. IT WAS THE

RETREAT OF OUR NATIONALITY; IT IS THE FOUN-

TAIN OF OUR NEW LAWS AND LANGUAGE; IT IS A

GREAT AND INDISPENSABLE AND FAMOUS PART OF

OUR LAND, OF OUR HISTORY AND OF OUR HOPES."

No howling bigotry there! No cry for "se-

parate" and sectarian education to set the peo-

ple by the ears and teach them to hate one

another for the love of God! He does full jus-

tice to the great representative man of the Irish

Protestant party. That is a passage which I

desire the reader to peruse again and to ponder

upon. When he has done so, let him then con-

sider the era in which Usher lived and wrote.

He was a contemporary of Charles the First and

of Cromwell. Europe, in his day, was divided

into two great camps—a Protestant and a Catholic

camp. At the head of the former stood Eng-

land; at the head of the latter, the Papacy and

Spain. England hated Ireland as the home of

an alien, subjugated race, and as a country that

was ever ready to avail herself of any pretext

to get rid of her enslaver. That Ireland's pa-

triotism availed themselves of the hatred enti-

tained for England by the Catholic continental

powers, in order to further their own objects, is

unquestioned. Froude admits it in his "History

of the English in Ireland," and he strongly inti-

mates that it isn't so much on account of her

making use of religion to advance her national-

ity. My own opinion is that there hasn't

been a sovereign or a minister of England from

"Bluff Hal" down to D'Israeli and Queen Vic-

toria, who wouldn't go to Mass if they were

assured that such a course would blot out the

spirit of Irish rebellion.

"James the Pedant" had planted Ulster with

Scotch and English Protestants. They were

planted in the homes of the "old Irish," to be

"a loyal" garrison, and were not Irish in any-

thing except the accident of their residence. It

was to them that Usher addressed himself; it

was them he tried to nationalize and naturalize.

They are "the perpetuated class" to which Mc-

Gee alludes. That the work of Usher has

been manifested in the growing nationalis-

mation of "the fighting Presbyterians"

of the North; in the great nationalists which

"the University"—Trinity College—has turned

out—the Grattans, Currahs, Ponsonbys, Mitch-

ells, Butts, etc.; and in the still growing libe-</p

## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 22, 1874.

## BONE AND SINEW AND BRAIN.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Ye white-maned waves of the Western sea,  
That ride and roll to the strand;  
Ye strong-winged birds, never forced alee  
By the gales that sweep toward land!  
Ye are symbols of death and of hope that saves;  
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,  
As ye roll to the land like the bellowed graves  
Of a past and puerile race!

Cry "Presto, Change!" and the lout is lord;  
With his vulgar blood turned blue;  
Go dub your knight with a slip of a sword,  
As the kings in Europe do;  
Go grade the lines of your social mode,  
As you grade the palace wall;  
The people forever to bear the load,  
And the gilded vane's o'er all.

But the human blocks will lie as still  
As the dull foundation stones;  
But will rise, like a sea with an awful will,  
And engulf the golden thrones.  
For the days are all gone when a special race  
Took the place of the gilded one;  
And the merits that mount to the highest place  
Must have bone and sinew and brain!

Let the cant of "the march of mind" be heard—  
Of the time to come when Man  
Shall lose the mark of his brawn and beard  
In the Future's levelling plan.  
It may be gained, if the world but wait—  
"Tis the dream of an easy crown;  
For there is no need for the good and great  
In the weakling's levelling down.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone,  
As well as its might of mind;  
And the culture of either of these alone  
Is the doom of a nation signed.

But the cant of the ultra-susian school  
Unswins the hand and thigh,  
And preaches the creed of the weak to rule,  
And the strong to struggle and die.

Our schools were pressed to the fatal race,  
As if health were the nation's sin,  
Till the head grows large, and the vampire face  
Is gorged on the limbs so thin.  
Our women have entered the abstract fields,  
And avanu with the child and home!  
While the rind of science a pleasure yields  
Shall they care for the lives to come?

And they ape the manners of manly times.  
In their sterile and worthless life,  
Till the man of the future augments his crimes  
With a raid for a Sabine wife?

Ho! white-maned waves of the Western sea,  
That ride and roll to the land!

Ho! strong-winged birds, never blown alee  
By the gales that sweep toward land!

Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves—  
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,  
As ye roll to the land like the bellowed graves  
Of a suicidal race!

Ye have hoarded your strength in its equal parts :  
For the men of the future reign  
Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts,  
And bone and sinew and brain.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

SOME time since a Baltimore shipowner, in getting away a vessel, had considerable trouble with one of his men, by the name of Cain or Kain, who got heavy on the advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn for settlement.

"What name?" asked the merchant.

"Cain, Sir," was the reply.

"What," rejoined the merchant; "are you the man who slew his brother?"

"No, Sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink, giving his trowsers a hitch, "I'm the man that got staved!"

MISERABLE PEOPLE.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, and dresses playing dip, dip, at every step; a witness on a bribery case; a smoking nephew, on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt; a young doctor who has just cured his last patient and has no prospect of another; a star actress with her name in small type on the bill.

Two SHARPS.—An old Yorkshire man picked up a half-crown in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking little rascal, "so hand it over."

"Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old man.

"Yes," replied the other smartly.

"Then it is not thine," mildly replied the old man; "these must learn to be a little sharper the next time, my boy."

THE CHEESE.—A vain fellow who commanded a small vessel, but who tried to appear bigger than the captain of a first-rate man-of-war, told his cabin-boy one day that he had company coming on board to dine, and that when he asked him for the silver-handled knives and forks, he must tell him they were gone on shore to be ground; and answer in the same strain any other questions he might ask. He did so; the knives and forks went off very well.

The next question was, "Where is that large Cheshire cheese, boy?"

"Gone on shore to be ground, sir!"

RECIPROCITY.—A boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight.

"Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have the less to carry."

"True," replied the lad; and throwing three half-pence on the counter, left the shop.

The baker called him, saying that he had not left money enough.

"Never mind that," said the boy, "you will have the less to count."

THE CHEESE.—There has been a slight mistake made here, said the house-surgeon, "of no great moment, though it was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins that was cut off. We can easily cure the other—comes to about the same thing."

VERY few poets can, like the Titan, steal fire from heaven, but some of them steal the wood and coal their fire is made with.

WOMAN is an interesting book, but not always an open one; she's a volume that is sometimes tightly clasped.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

To conquer fear, always do what you are afraid to do.

The true man is willing to die whenever it is best not to live.

## Another Official Scandal.

After the Sandhurst scandal comes another, the items of which are indicated in the letter of Mr. Francis read before Parliament. Here is an extract:

The mine and quarry owners had sustained grievous injuries under the Act of 1869, and a full inquiry would reveal transactions under which Government officials had realized large incomes through the pecuniary interest they held in the sale of munitions of war to that department. The statement went on to set forth that on the first of March, 1871, Colonel Youngusband, Major Majendie, and Professor Abel sat as members of a committee to report upon the safety of Professor Abel's patent gun-cotton, and such safety having been formally recorded, Colonel Youngusband and Professor Abel, in the course of a few days, signed a specification for the sale to Government of two hundred tons of gun-cotton, at a cost some £40,000, out of which single transaction Professor Abel became entitled to no less a sum than £2,000 by virtue of his licence to Messrs. Prentice to manufacture so large a quantity of gun-cotton. It was during the execution of this contract that the magazine at Stowmarket exploded, and such explosion was inevitable, seeing that Professor Abel was attempting the manufacture of the only explosive that could be obtained, and at the same time to supply all Great Britain and the Colonies with gun-cotton for mining and other purposes. In order to get rid of the difficulty arising from this sad calamity one important official was withheld from circulation, and most important official evidence contained in another was suppressed, while Major Majendie justified Professor Abel's pecuniary interest in these Government contracts. Other cases could be quoted to show that other Government officials being patentees, had received large sums from the Government through the sale of the articles they had patented. What he wanted was an inquiry into this class of transactions. The exclusion of full information from the proceedings of the committee had prevented its being proved unavoidable to exclude from use all explosives except the one in which the Government adviser held a pecuniary interest.

## Cholera In Large Towns.

At a recent meeting of the Academie des Sciences the influences of different kinds of soil in assisting or retarding the progress of cholera was elaborately discussed. M. Decaisne, following in the steps of Herr Pettenkofer, of Munich, has been engaged in making researches on the subject, and his results of his investigations show at any rate a curious coincidence between certain kinds of soil and the spread of the disease. For the purpose of proving the correctness of his theory, M. Decaisne has applied himself to the examination of the sanitary condition of three large towns of France—Lyons, Versailles, and Paris. It is well known that the two first-named cities have always resisted the attacks of cholera. The disease has never laid strong hold upon them, and M. Decaisne not unnaturally seeks for some explanation of this comparative immunity which these towns have enjoyed. On the other hand, Paris yields itself an easy prey to the ravages of the epidemic, and seems rather to attract than repel its visitations. Accepting these well-established facts, M. Decaisne finds what he conceives to be their explanation in the different character of the soil underlying the three towns. Versailles is built upon a bed of clay impervious to water, Lyons stands upon granite, while Paris is constructed upon a porous foundation. Of course M. Decaisne does not attribute the presence of cholera to this fact alone, but his arguments are directed to show that it may act as a powerful influence.

## The Pay of French Actors.

Many who admire Mademoiselle Desclée, and hold her to be generally accepted as the finest actress since Rachel, would, says the *Academy*, be astonished if the knew how insignificant was the money reward of her success. Desclée, instead of being in receipt of the fortune with which her friends credited her, never, we believe, was paid more than £500 a-year. The only savings she was ever able to effect—notwithstanding the simplicity of a life led on the third story of an unfashionable boulevard—were the monies that came to her during the last year of her life, owing to her success in London and Brussels. In Paris there is hardly an actress, except at the *Théâtre Français*, who is enabled to make any large income by the exercise of her art; and it is only of late years that engagements at the *Fransais*, or membership there (which is quite a different thing), has proved really remunerative. Nothing but the increased vogue of the theatre has enabled it to distribute largely of its profits. The men and women there find the theatre a profession that pays; but he who was perhaps the greatest comedian of recent times—Samson, who died an old man two years ago, broken down at the failure of the French arms—was never able to grow rich, for all his forty years at the theatre, where the early he had instructed Rachel, and late, had seen the debut of Crozette.

SHOOTING AT A BALLOON.—Mr. J. Simmons, the aeronaut, writes to the *Times*—I take the liberty of soliciting the favor of your bringing before the public an act which seems to me so cowardly as to revolt all with human feelings. I ascended yesterday with my balloon The Czar, taking with me Mr. G. F. Hawkins, of the Conservative Club, who will corroborate the statement I am about to make. We were much enjoying the beautiful scene presenting itself immediately beneath us, about midway between Southall and Harrow, exact time 8.55 p.m., when we distinctly heard the whizzing of three rifle shots in very close proximity to the car of the balloon, and the consequent report of the rifle or rifles. Permit me further to trouble you by announcing that I would give the sum of £100 to any one who can be the means of bring to justice and conviction the miscreant who attempted to commit an outrage which must be termed diabolical.

HOW TOOLE DIDN'T GET HIS DINNER.—Mr. Tool has been the victim of an unfortunate *contretemps*. He was invited by one of the officials of the *Savage Club* to partake of the hospitality of that institution, and as the club included very many of its personal friends, he booked one day last week for the engagement, and looked forward to the event with much interest. When the day arrived Mr. Tool paid the manager of a Birmingham theatre £100 in order to be released from acting on that particular night, and came up to London to attend the quiet little speech which he had been so long expecting. Judge his surprise and disappointment to find that nothing had been provided, and that the members of the club had not been made aware of the arrangement. The *Savages* were themselves wild with vexation for the slight to one who was so popular with them, and the master will not be allowed to pass without being inquired into.

A PROPOSAL TO TUNNEL MONT BLANC.—During the past year (says the "Continental Herald") M. Ernest Stamm, an Alsatian engineer, devoted much time and care to the study of the question of a connexion between France and Italy independently of Swiss territory. With this object the idea of tunnelling Mont Blanc is advocated by him in a paper which has been read by M. Stamm before the Société Industrie de Mulhouse. A survey proves that, while Chamounix is 3,445 feet above the sea level, and Entreves, on the south, 4,216 feet, a tunnel between the two points would not be longer, nor its gradients more difficult, than that the Mont Cenis tunnel, to the west of the Alps, which is 12,000 feet long.

A DUN.—The proprietor of an Australian paper won't stand any nonsense on the part of delinquent subscribers. In a recent number he says: "Unless certain of our readers' subscriptions reach us before the 26th we shall devote a special column in our paper to a list of their names. If they cannot afford to send the pittance due to us (a considerable amount in the aggregate), we can afford to stop their papers and pillory them—and we will do it—in such a manner that we shall not be in fear of a libel action."

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

## Bazaine's Escape.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The following particulars of the escape of Marshal Bazaine from his prison on the Isle of Ste. Marguerite are received: The apartment occupied by Bazaine opened on a terrace which was built on the edge of a precipitous cliff overhanging the sea. A sentry was posted on the terrace, with orders to watch the prisoner's every movement. During Sunday evening the Marshal walked upon the terrace with Colonel Vilette, his Aide-de-Camp. At ten o'clock he retired as usual, apparently to sleep; but before daybreak he had effected his escape. He must have crossed the terrace in the dead of night, and eluding the sentinel, gained the edge of the precipice, whence, by means of a knotted rope, he descended to the sea. He evidently slipped during the descent, and torn his hands, as the rope was found stained with blood in various places. Under the cliff, in a hired boat, was Bazaine's wife and cousin. They received him as he reached the water, and Madame la Marche taking the oars herself, rowed directly to a strange steamer which had been lying off the island since the previous evening. They reached the vessel in safety, were taken aboard, and the steamer put to sea. It is thought they landed at Geneva, as the steamer proceeded in that direction.

The first news of the affair came to Grasse, the nearest place on the coast, and the magistrates immediately sent officers in every direction to search for the fugitive. There was great commotion in Marseilles when the facts became known. An investigation was opened. Colonel Vilette, who was walking with the Marshal on the evening of the escape, was discovered there and imprisoned. The commandant of Ft. Ste. Marguerite was placed under arrest, and General Lewal has gone to the island to investigate the affair.

PARIS, August 12.—It is reported that Marshal Bazaine landed at San Rolo and travelled by way of Turin to Basle. At the latter place he took the train to Brussels, where he arrived at seven o'clock Tuesday morning. It is believed that the rope found on the cliff on the Isle of Ste. Marguerite was suspended there to mislead the authorities as to the manner of the Marshal's escape, which was effected in some other way, through the connivance of the guards.

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Tickets may be had from the Convent direct, or from Lawrence O'Neill Fogarty, care of C. H. Callahan, Esq., 48 State street, Boston, Mass.; or from office of this paper.

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\$2 \$25